

Graves don't seem to be particularly anxious to be used for the purpose of basting Turkey.

An efficient line-up in a foot ball game nowadays includes a surgeon, a trained nurse and an undertaker.

Gov. Major made a trip in a balloon the other day. Politically he is still up in the air and likely to remain there.

The Democratic tariff for revenue only has sufficiently demonstrated that it cannot perform without the war tax as a side-partner.

Someone is going to send Mrs. Galt, the President's fiancée, a barrel of apples for a wedding present. Wonder if she knows how to handle them the Missouri way?

What did the President's "watchful waiting" win in his recognition of the Carranza government in Mexico? One thing it won was the ire of our Catholic friends. Carranza is a priest's better.

When the Democrats have raised several hundred million dollars for "preparedness" by adding that much to the national debt, they will probably also build up the official salary list to take care of the money.

All the old hangers-on up at Jeff City are opposed to a new deal in the Democratic party. A new deal would mean that many family connections would either have to go to work at a real job or hang onto dad.

There was a fine gathering of Democrats at that recent Cape Girardeau get-together meeting—not of the Democrats who do the voting, but of the fellows who pull the wires to get the jobs. The latter were all there, each with an eye to the main chance.

So far as we can size up the situation at this stage of the game, we believe Hon. Walter S. Dickey of Kansas City is the best prospect of the Missouri Republicans as their candidate next year for the United States Senate. He has a good record, is a capable man and has earnestly and faithfully served actively for the party without having heretofore asked for party favors in return for that service. He is anything but an habitual office hunter. As a successful business man and a close observer of business conditions as they are affected by the policies of the ruling party, he is competent to pass judgment on such policies, and is, therefore, strongly in favor of a tariff for protection. He looks all right from any angle we take him.

State Auditor Gordon is having a peck of trouble these days, not only because he sees a yawning deficit in the State revenues under the extrajudicial rule of his party and is consequently in the dumps as to where to get the \$514,000 that must be restored to the school fund, but he is now called upon to defend himself against the charge of having illegally issued warrants to himself and son, Morris, for expenses incurred by them while taking pleasure junkets during the past summer. While he may have followed an established precedent in allowing these bills, it does not argue that he had the legal or moral right to do so. There is altogether too much of that kind of a thing going on among our state officers. It smacks of petty graft.

The Independent says we are howling ourselves hoarse over the "looting" of the school fund, but never say anything about the disappearance of that \$61,000 from the U. S. Sub-Treasury in St. Louis under the administration of a Republican. There isn't much of a parallel between the two cases, but anything is made to serve in the attempt of the Democratic press to bring that recent Jeff City transaction. Also, there is a considerable difference between \$61,000 and

\$514,000, and the St. Louis steal never affected all the school children and teachers in Missouri. If we were disposed to dig up cases of individual official transgressions in handling public money, we might mention a certain well-known Democrat who was acting in the capacity of assistant State Treasurer two or three years ago, to whose gummy fingers some \$5,000 adhered.

One of the strangest things in politics just now is the apparent disposition of some of the Democratic leaders to shift the Wilson administration over to a protective policy, in anticipation of a flood of foreign goods to our shores when the European war ends, an event our government is looking forward to as an early possibility. They are arguing—and well they may—that the present tariff law has left the way open for the ruin of many of our home industries through the unfair competition from abroad if not checked. That sounds most remarkable coming from a party whose fundamental principle is free trade and devil take the hindmost in the race for the markets. We look upon this move as nothing less than an attempt of the Democrats to steal the Republican party's best clothes while they think the Republicans aren't looking.

The government has a bunch railroad wreckers on trial in New York for their misdeeds. We do not think for moment, however, that any of these high financiers have the least fear of seeing themselves in a suit of stripes as a result of the trial or even being required to disgorge any material portion of their ill-gotten gains. Such prosecutions rarely ever result otherwise than farcical, as a travesty on the law. The suit against the Standard Oil Company some years ago, which resulted in the ridiculous fine of \$29,000,000, later to be set aside for the convenience of the Great John D., is a sample of the terrors the law holds for the men who steal in millions. The men concerned in the New Haven Railroad loot, the defendants in the suit now in progress, are of the Morgan-Rockefeller standard of business men, in fact, one of the Rockefellers is among the men on trial and the evidence at the earlier investigation by the government into this flagrant case of high financing and railroad wrecking showed that the late J. P. Morgan was one of the leaders in the transaction. The present trial has, we believe, no greater purpose on part of the government than an appeasing sop to the people, to soothe their soreness over being robbed. No harm to the robbers intended, they are too close to the government itself.

Pigs and Pigs.

That well-known quip that "pigs are pigs," cannot always be taken as a literal fact, for where one pig may always by a pig another may prove to be a hog, and a big one at that. That is a thing the Boys' Pig Clubs inaugurated in the South are demonstrating beyond dispute and the process cut down Georgia's outside butcher bill \$2,000,000 the first year it was tried. Some time ago two pigs were exhibited at a fair in Georgia. They were both from the same litter and had the same start in life, but at the time of their exhibition one pig weighed 65 pounds and the other 485. At 6 cents per pound, the difference in value between the two pigs was \$25.20. The smaller one was raised by a mature, experienced farmer in the old "root hog or die" way, the other in the improved "pig club" way. They were both bought by the Cotton Belt Railroad, one for \$9 and the other for \$58, and shown throughout the Southern States as an object lesson in pork raising. It cost \$15.54 to raise the 485 pound pig and \$5 to raise the 65-pound one. The gain is easily figured. This may be an

exceptional case, but many other similar experiments where the modern methods in pork raising are practiced have proven that it was not so far out of the ordinary.

Now, what is being done in Georgia and other Southern states in the way of adopting improved methods of stock raising might well be copied here in Missouri, yea, particularly right here in Washington County. We need it, badly. The old "root hog or die" methods of farming generally followed here are money losers. They mean a loss thousands of dollars every year to the community that could otherwise have been garnered. The thing to do is to awaken general interest in improved methods by effective organization and experimentation. Come and attend the Farmers' Day meeting in Potosi on November 1st, and absorb new and profitable ideas about farming. At the same time, why not try to effect an organization for the introduction of modern methods? Our farmers ought to make more money than they do; they can make it if they will go about it right.

The Truth Unvarnished.

While the larger portion of the Democratic press of the state has either closed its eyes to the inefficient administration of public office by our state officials or have been hushed by the political "pie" handed out in the form of publishing the constitutional amendments, it is indeed refreshing to have a clean-cut expression from a strong Democratic sheet like the Poplar Bluff Daily Citizen on the question. Instead of condemning the Major administration for its extravagance, going even to the extent of taking money from the public school fund of the state to foster its profrigate, most Democratic papers are trying to justify this wanton conduct by making it appear that this is not unlike the conduct of the Hadley administration. If the Republican administration was bad, it does not justify the Democrats in doing what every honest man should condemn. An honest and frank confession of weakness is no sin, and the Democratic party would fare better with the taxpayers if the papers would come out and acknowledge the corn, and say they expected something better of their representatives. This is the way the Poplar Bluff Citizen puts it, and it will come nearer having influence with its readers than those who are trying to offer flimsy excuses. The Citizen says:

The party is doomed to certain defeat in 1916 unless Senator Stone, Champ Clark, Senator Reed, Gov. Francis, Gov. Major and other leaders agree on a new deal—a deal in which the people's interests will be protected by giving them a clean, business administration.

At this critical time we must put up a man who would not have to be defended. One whose life and work are his platform. A defensive political campaign in this state will finish the little we have left. Consider the disastrous Ball-Cowherd and Major-Cowherd campaigns. We want to warn our leaders before it is too late. Unless new men, new issues and a general new deal are offered Senator Stone will have a Republican colleague, and Governor Major will have the humiliation of showing a Republican successor around the mansion. —Bonne Terre Register.

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Insurance Paid After 48 years.

In the year 1867 Christian F. Moeller, who was then a resident of Friedheim, Mo., took out a policy with the Mutual Benefit Life of Newark, New Jersey, for \$2500. He paid two premiums on it and then allowed the policy to lapse, and according to the provision of the policy it was good for \$500 paid up insurance. Until 1882 Mr. Moeller was paid the yearly dividends on the amount, when the company lost trace of him, he having moved to St. Louis. Moeller died in 1913 and the policy was supposed to be of no value and was forgotten by his heirs. The company, however, continued to try to locate the policy holder, and finally found the widow through the pension department of the government. Mr. Moeller having been a Union soldier and his widow had applied for a pension. Finding that Fritz Moeller, a son of Friedheim, was executor of his father's estate, the company wrote to him that on furnishing the necessary proof the amount of the policy would be paid over to him. He and his mother were much surprised to find that there was anything due, but proceeded to fix up the papers, and on the 20th of last September received a check for \$609.34, the amount of the paid up policy and accumulated dividends. —Perryville Republican.

MAKING DIVISION OF WEALTH

Respectable Sum of Money Could Be Allotted to Each Inhabitant of the United States.

If all the wealth in this country were divided among the inhabitants thereof, every man, woman and child would get \$1,565. Thus the ordinary family of five would get about \$10,000, which would give it several years of quiet, happy living, not counting the dividends it might yield. But there is a bug in the ointment. If the wealth were all divided, there wouldn't be anything to live on—no mills, no railroads, no factories, no dry goods stores or groceries, and thus all the avenues of life would be shut against one. There is much said about the distribution of wealth. It is distributed and everybody gets a happy living out of it because it is so. The property itself is not divided, but the thing for which the property exists is thoroughly distributed. There are calves, flour, railroads, schoolhouses for all. Of course, one has to do something to get his share, and this is his good fortune. If it would come to him while he sat doleful and thoughtless, he would soon wither away into a tribulation. It is well that we haven't got all we want, well, probably, that the rich man wants to get richer. Stagnation is the last state of humanity. —Ohio State Journal.

TOYS FOR THE YOUNGSTERS

They Pass Through European War Zone and Reach America to Gladden Children.

A German invasion of the United States has been effected through the port of New York—a pleasant sort of invasion to come from war-ridden Europe. Thousands of jumping-jacks, popguns and yellow-haired dolls; armies of lead soldiers in very brilliant paint uniforms and Noah's arks and music boxes—in all, 4,500 cases of toys—were brought in by the Holland-America steamer Veenbergen from Rotterdam. Special grace extended by the British blockade permitted the arrival of the cargo of toys to supply the American Christmas market. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, the British ambassador, has informed the state department at Washington of the progress of negotiations looking toward the release of similar cargoes of German-made Christmas goods which have been held up for many months in Dutch ports.

MADE SMOKING A HARSHIP

Foolish Competitions That Should Have Disgusted Genuine Lovers of the Seductive Weed.

At a smoking competition held recently at Brighton, England, the winner kept an eighth of an ounce of tobacco alight for 163 minutes. There was a severer test at Oxford in 1723 on a scaffold over against the theater. Thomas Hearne described the scene: "The conditions were that anyone (man or woman) that could smoke out three ounces of tobacco first without drinking or going off the stage should have twelve shillings. Many tried, and it was thought that a journeyman taylor would have been victorious, he smoking faster than, and beating many pipes before the rest; but at last he was so sick that 'twas thought he would have died, and an old man, that had been a soldier, and smoked gently, came off a conqueror, smacking the three ounces quite out." In Derbyshire there was a club where the qualification for membership was the ability to smoke up a pound of shag tobacco at one sitting. A china pot served as pipe, and the candidate smoked through the spout.

HAD NOT THE SAME RESULT

Soldiers Saw Great Difference in Rewards Offered by the Two Hospitals.

There is on the Breton coast a little seaside resort nestled in an admirable setting of rocks and groves and equipped with a Grand Hotel of the Breton, which has been transformed in these sad days into a hospital for wounded soldiers of France. For all that there are other people on the sands besides the convalescent heroes, and especially any number of pretty women, always ready to lend their help to the doctors in charge. Among these a charming dancer from the Theater of Varietes in Paris was particularly lavish with her attentions to the soldiers. One day when she was present a big, dark fellow from the South manifested an invincible repugnance to a bitter dose which, by the doctor's orders, he was to drink.

"If you are a good boy and do what the doctor tells you," said the dancer, "you may kiss me." Instantly and with one gulp, the big fellow swallowed the stuff, wiped his great mustache, and claimed his reward. It was all done so prettily that even the lead surgeon permitted himself to smile. But the real comedy began when the head nurse, a matron turning fifty, appeared next morning and announced: "Every one of you who takes his medicine will be allowed to kiss me." The effect was immediate. Each and every patient made a face and put down on the table beside him the dose which he had been about to swallow. Now the head nurse is goodness itself, and her goodness is well spiced with wit. She was the first to laugh at the result of her invitation. Then she pretended to be angry.

RESEARCH STOPPED BY WAR

Observations of Wireless Telegraphy on a Large Scale Had Been Planned by Nations.

World-wide co-operative observations in wireless telegraphy were planned by a committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which reported at the Australian meeting a year ago this summer that the project had been cordially embraced throughout the British empire and in other countries. A variety of statistics were to be collected three days each week and suitable forms had been distributed on a large scale. The outbreak of the European war, however, wrought havoc with this undertaking, which had promised to throw light on several obscure questions in radio-telegraphy, and only a few stations in India, Australia, Canada, the West Indies and the United States are now keeping up the work. Private wireless stations throughout the British empire were either dismantled or taken over by military authorities, while naval and other official stations stopped all purely scientific observing. Similar circumstances prevailed in the other belligerent countries. The same circumstances led to the complete failure of the extensive scheme of special observations planned in connection with the solar eclipse of August 21, 1914, except for a few observations made in Norway and Sweden.

Was Not a Roman.

While a sergeant of a certain British regiment was engaged with a company of the National Reservists a short time ago in physical drill—a drill that demands, to say the least of it, a small amount of agility—a private, who looked as if he had been younger in his day, complained to the non-commissioned officer in charge that he was too old for that sort of practice.

"How old are you?" said the instructor. "Fifty-three," said the private. "Why," exclaimed the instructor, "the Romans used to do this sort of thing at the age of sixty."

"That may be," said the private, "but I'm not a Roman; I'm a Wesleyan."

Precious Metals in India. Precious metals continue to accumulate in India in enormous quantities in spite of the war. This is brought out by the figures of the gold and silver imports of the current year, which are now published. These show that after deducting all exportations there has been in three months an addition to the stores in the country of no less than 158 lakhs worth of gold and 229 lakhs worth of silver. In the same period the mints in India have struck off the large sum of 36 lakhs of rupees which has thus also been added to the circulating wealth of the inhabitants, a total value of over \$14,000,000.

Was a Heavy Loner.

Low Shank and a friend were playing pinocle at Shank's summer home a few nights ago and the game became interesting—so much so they engaged in some imaginary betting. "I'll bet one hundred dollars I win," declared Shank's friend, enthusiastically. "I'll just make it five hundred dollars," replied Shank. A few days later Shank's servant girl quit and with some difficulty Mr. and Mrs. Shank employed another. "Mother didn't want me to come," said the new girl. The other girl told mother you were running a gambling house here and that Mr. Shank must have lost four or five hundred dollars in one night. —Indianapolis Star.

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